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REELFOOT LAKE IS LEASED FOR OIL

Newberry, Texas Oil Man, Is
to Drill Wells and Prospect
for Petroleum.

HICKMAN, Ky., July 30. (Sp.)—W. H. Newberry, the Texas millionaire oil man, who is spending or going to spend a quarter of a million dollars in the Reelfoot Lake section in search of oil, has leased from the state of Tennessee Reelfoot Lake, Gov. Roberts, of Tennessee, having announced. Mr. Newberry would be permitted to bore for oil in Reelfoot Lake and must start within six months, according to the terms of the contract with the state. The contract is that Newberry pays \$100 down and \$10,000 a year to the state and in must have a well 2,000 feet down by Sept. 1, 1920, and must develop each boring started.

Reelfoot Lake will also be protected when borings are sunk in the lake bed, high banks having to be set so that no oil will overflow and reach the lake in case of a strike, thereby preserving the fish and one of the greatest hunting and fishing spots in the South.

After the sensational strike at Lake Caddo, La., where oil was struck in the lake bed, interest in whether oil abounded in this section again became manifest. Reelfoot Lake and Caddo Lake are both of volcanic origin and their geological formations are similar, according to geologists' reports. Oil sands are known to exist underneath the lake bed, according to experienced oil men.

Since this announcement and the presence of representatives of the different oil companies in the neighborhood of Reelfoot Lake, property in that section has been changing hands rapidly and at swiftly advanced rates.

Mr. Newberry, through local attorneys, has been leasing land between Hickman and the lake and now holds oil rights on around 30,000 acres west of Hickman. Where oil is struck the owner of the property will get a royalty of one-eighth and so much per acre per year.

RETURNED MISSION WORKERS WELCOMED

COLUMBUS, Miss., July 30. (Sp.)—Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Lawrence, both natives of Lowndes county, who for the past 16 years have been working in missionary work in Persia and who are now visiting relatives at their former home in the Calhoun neighborhood, were recently tendered a reception by citizens of that community. More than 600 guests attended the reception, among those present having been Hon. W. H. Smith, president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical college at Starkville and Prof. E. A. Stanley, superintendent of education for Lowndes county.

"O. Henry and Al Jennings"

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of
Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished
and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1919.)

(Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER FIVE.
"Killed both your boys!"
The broken cry seemed running up the stairs like a distraught presence; pounding along the walls, shaking through the clamorous silence.

Thought stopped. My blood seemed to be running in molten steel that was wrapping me in quick, hot suffocation. I felt as though I were melting into a lump of motionless terror.

My father's voice sprang through the hush—a howl, tortured and agonized, that trailed into a whistling moan. It shot through me like a cold blade. I laid, gray, helpless, his hands dropped to his sides, his eyes like burnt holes in a white cloth, he slumped against the door.

Half dressed, I ran past him, down the street toward the saloon, down the thing black and hunched fell against me. I put out my hand to strike it.

One Killed, Another Dying.

"Only me—got Ed—Cleaned out—hurry."

It was John. His face was a monstrous red stain. His coat was drenched with blood. His right arm—shattered from the shoulder.

"Hurry!" he gasped. "Go. I'm O. K. Only got me in the neck. Only got me through the chest. Ed's done up. Oh, for God's sake, go and be quick about it."

Ed was dead. John was dying. My father broken hearted.

"And I thank you!" he said. "I was anybody so whipped with remorse, so crushed. Pretty work my crude violence had done at last. My unbridled temper was the real murderer. If I had not come on this visit! If I had only stayed on the range! If I had only hanged me in Las Vegas! Like a pack of hounds the bitter thoughts kept buying at me as I went that quarter of a mile to the saloon."

When I lunged through that door the crowd snapped apart like a taut string. Some scooted under the gambling table—others made for the door. The place was cleared.

And there on the floor, lying in a huge blot of warm blood, his face downward, was my brother Ed. He had been shot through the head, just at the base of the brain.

Good Impulses Killed.

All that was good and human and soft in me rushed into my throat, cried itself out and died that hour that I sat there with Ed's head in my lap and his blood soaked into my hands and my clothes. Death was stealing into my soul with blight more fatal than the wrecking of my brother's body.

No one spoke—no one put out a hand to me, until presently the doctor leaned forward. "Al, let me do something; get up now."

At the words the saloon was suddenly a-hum with voices. Men crowded about me. Sentences seemed to rush from their lips like bullets down a cliff.

He was standing right there playing pitch, some one began. Another another interrupted. The doctor leaned forward. "Al, let me do something; get up now."

"They sneaked in—"

"They sneaked in when he was down."

"They pumped John—"

"They beat it like coyotes—"

And then they put it all together and told it again and again from the beginning.

Shooting Follows Apology Call

The saloon was the two-room wooden shack with bar and gambling house combined, the common type in the Middle West a quarter of a century ago. At one end of this room the town band was giving a concert. A score of craps shooters were busy on either side.

Sam Houston and Jack Love came in by the back door, passed by the band and rushed in as Ed fell. Half way across the outer room Houston and Love caught him with a full volley. Before anyone recovered from the sudden panic the murderers were gone.

Lawless Temper Cause.

They brought Ed home. John lay dying. My father sat up and watched. I could not go near the house. I went out to the barn and waited. I felt like another Cain.

There was no indecision in my mind. I knew that my lawless temper had precipitated the killing. But Love had been laying for Ed. He had ribbed

Houston to the shooting. They had planned deliberately, cowardly—they had shot from behind.

Before the night was over the news went like a flame through the country. Woodward held his breath and waited for the answering shot.

Houston and Love would come back. They expected me to get them.

The remorse of the night before had reared like a cold snake into a poisonous vengeance. There would be no quitting now.

The mean, sordid gray of early morning had deepened the night sky. My father came to the barn. He looked tall and grim, but blushed as a leper.

"Come in with me," his voice seemed pressed and flattened and flustered. "Come in here."

He led the way to the room where John lay in a moaning delirium.

"There's one," he pointed.

And then he moved silently into the other room where Ed had been placed on the board table.

My father's cavernous eyes glowed into mine in a blazing scrutiny.

"There's two," he said.

"Now what are you going to do? Are you going to finish us?"

CHAPTER SIX.

It was like a whip lashing cutting a well across my mind. I felt like a beaten, cowering dog.

Neither of us spoke. It was hard even to breathe. I felt that my father's hand trembled. I did not want to look into his accusing face.

What did he mean? Did he expect me to do nothing, while the whole of Woodward waited for the blow?

The kness that spirit of these prairie towns. Men settled their own accounts in swift and deadly fashion. Ex-fugitives and old-time men made up the population. They put little tribute to law.

The marshals who administered it were the meanest men of the country. They were all former horse thieves, ruffians or renegade highwaymen.

The outlaws did their own thing with a six-shooter; the marshals used a whisky bottle.

I have seen them, dozens of times deliberately sneak the bottle into the saloon, wagons going across the plains; double back on their own account, search the wagons, find the bottle, tie their victims to the trees, hold them until the secret of the game was out about 10 prisoners. Then they would drive them all into Fort Smith, produce their fraudulent evidence, collect mileage and cold-bloodedly have those innocent men sent up for four or five years on the charge of introducing liquor into the Indian Territory.

Ohio penitentiary when I landed there, was chucked with men serving time on such trumped-up cases.

Little Stock in Justice.

The marshals grabbed off about \$2,000 on the deal. The cowpuncher and the outlaw were men by comparison.

They took little stock in the justice of sneak thieves.

These things I knew. It was not murder to strike down the men who had shot from the back in the Middle West. It was honor.

It was not honor that I wanted, but vengeance. Ed and I had been 12 years in jail. I jerked me the place of Stanton, of Chicken. He was more than either to me. Big natured; clear-brained, the gentlest fellow that ever lived—and there he was with the back of his poor head blown off with the murderous bullets.

"Listen to me!" My father's voice seemed rumbling through a wall of pain. "I want you to listen to me. There's been killing enough. There's been sorrow enough."

What had he said? The penalty of lawlessness. John, too, may say. Where will it end? When Woodward runs through the woods.

He went on as though he were possessed.

"You shall not do it! I am the judge here. I was appointed when the county was formed. I was named to maintain the law. If my own sons will not stand by me what can I expect from others?"

All of a sudden he stopped. His colorless face seemed crumpled with misery. "Al, you won't do anything till Frank comes, will you?"

Father Has Way.

Frank came in from Denver. My father had his way.

"Let them go to trial," he said. "He wants it. I'll do no killing."

Frank was always like that, impulsive, soft hearted, generous—undecided until he got into action, then he tore ahead deadly and relentless as a very hell on wheels. I felt a blazing hatred against them all in my heart. I made one promise. I would wait until the trial was over. If the law failed, I would strike.

But we could not stay in Woodward. Not even the old gentlemen could stand that. He took John down to Tecumseh and almost immediately was named a judge and a jury.

He went to the sheriff, Tom Oden, and told him we would wait. He was disappointed.

"May want to hit the bull's eye later, boys. When you reckon to bust them off, Tom Oden?"

Nearly every range in the prairies sheltered and winked at outlaw gangs. From near and far they came to the short stop.

Frank and I went down to the Spike S to hang up till after the trial.

John Harless owned the range. The Snake Creek and the Arkansas river ran through his 100,000 acres. It was an ideal haunt for fugitives. Harless was hospitable. The Conchorda mountains, like tremendous black towers, formed a massive wall on one side. The cliff came down to the creek. On the near side of the water the land rolled out in a magnificent sweep of low hills and valleys.

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